



# AULD ROB THE LAIRD.

## *A Favourite Scots Song*

Set for the Voice, Piano Forte, Guitar, Flute or Clarinet

Price

6<sup>d</sup>

Edinburgh Printed by JOHN WATLEN 34 North Bridge Street, & N<sup>o</sup> 1 Charlotte Row  
Long Lane Southwark London, where may be had all the Scots Music &c. &c. &c.

Moderato

Auld Rob the Laird o' muckle land, To woo me was nae very  
blate, But spite o' a' his Gear he fand, He came to woo, a day oer late.  
A Lad fae blyth, fae full o' gloe, My heart did ne-ver never ken, And  
nae, can gie sic joy to me, As Jamie o' the Glen.

## (2)

My Minny grat like daft and coo'd,  
 To gar me wi' her will 'comply.  
 But still I wadna hae the Laird,  
 Wi' a' his Oufen, 'Sheep, and Kye.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

## (3)

Ah what are Silks and Satins bra,  
 What's a' his Warldly Geer to me.  
 They're daft that caft themselves awa,  
 Where nae Content or Love can be.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

## (4)

I cou'd na bide the filly clafh,  
 Came hourly frae the Gawky Laird,  
 And fae to stop his gab and fafh,  
 Wi' Jamie to the Kirk repair'd.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

## (5)

Now like Summer's day fae 'lang,  
 And Winter's cold wi' frost and snow.  
 A Tune fu' Lilt and Bonny Sang,  
 Ay keep dull Care and Strife awa.  
 Cho<sup>s</sup> A Lad fae blyth &c.

For the Guitar or Clarinet.

